

Spirit of the Age.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS—REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY—THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION WITHOUT ANY INFRACTIONS

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WHOLE NO. 1767.

BY WILLIAM D. McMASTER
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Poetry.

Written for this paper.
THE GRANGERS.

How jolly and merry at their played out
meeting,
The old and the young their gay moments
employ,
And, while they their lunch of corn-dolger
are eating,
The goat ready side-saddled bleats out her
joy,
Then climb the greased pole does each dutiful
brother,
And round on the goat rides each sister so
fair,
Then brother and sister each hands to the
other,
A handful of hay seed to put in their hair.
The pone-eating granger,
The pole-climbing granger,
The goat-riding granger,
With seeds in their hair.
The jolly old granger by his fireside basking,
Grown wealthy by clearing the land of its
sham,
How fashion and politics go, never asking,
He eateth and drinketh, and don't care a
dash,
His happy old matron with curly-comb gleam-
ing,
Combs the oats from her hair so the hay
seed can grow,
Of silks and of diamonds her head never
dreaming,
She spins her own gowns from wool and
flax,
The jolly old granger,
The lincey-clad granger,
The hay-seeded granger,
With his wife along too.
When spring o'er the fields her green mantle
is flinging,
And the birds fill the air with their musical
glee,
The barefoot young granger his choral is
singing,
"Oh sister Phebe how happy are we,"
And the fair granger maiden is truthful and
blooming,
Responds as she walks in her garden so free,
And culls from its treasures both violets and
pinks,
To garland her sunbonnet, pleasant to see,
The barefoot young granger,
The sunbonnet granger,
Those two loving grangers,
Both happy and free.

No longer shall rings and monopolists revel,
In luxury wrang from the rough granger's
hand,
Their "corners" and stealings must go to the
devil,
While the granger enjoys all the good of the
land,
He counts out his greenbacks, in piles without
measure;
He gathers his wine from his own apple-tree,
He passes his seasons in unalloyed pleasure,
He's wealthy, contented, light-hearted and
free.
Then, health to the granger,
The land-tilling granger,
The wealthy old granger,
Contented and free.

THE WIDOW DOODLE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Josiah's brother's wife has come to
live with us. My opinion is, she is
most a natural fool. Howsoever,
bein' one of the relations on his side,
I can't tell her what I thought of
her; but bear with her, as I would
wish the relations on my side to be-
fore with by Josiah. How long she
will live with us, that I don't know.
And it is a considerable sized cross
for me to tackle, and I won't deny it.
Fools was always dretful wearin',
to me, or I don't ort to call
her a fool, and wouldn't say it where
it would get out for the world. But
she don't know me more than the law
will allow. That I will contend for
boldly, with my last breath.

But if her principles were as hefty
as iren, and her intellect as hefty as
iren, and her intellect as bright as it is
t'other way, if it was bright as day,
she would be a sort of a drawback to
happiness. Anybody would, whether
it was he or a she. Home is a Eden,
jest large enough to hold Adam and
Eve, and their family, and the neces-
sary animals. And when a stranger
enters its gates, to camp down there-
in for life with you, a sort of a cold
chill comes in with 'em. You may
like 'em, and wish 'em well, and do
the best you can with 'em, but you
feel kind o' choked and bowled down.
There is a sort of tightness to it. You
can't, for your life, feel so loose and
serious as you did when you was
alone with Josiah and the children.

But I am determined to put up
with her, and do the best I can. She
hadn't no home, and was a comin'
on the train; so Josiah thought that,
for the sake of Tim, that was his brother,
it was our duty to take her in, and do
for her.

And truly duty's apron-strings are
the only ones we can cling to with

perfect safety. Inclination sometimes
wears a far more shinin' apron, and
her glitterin' strings flutter down be-
fore you invitingly, and you feel as if
you must leggo of duty, and lay holt
of 'em. But, my friends, safety is not
there. Her strings ar thin and slaggy,
and liable to fall to pieces any minute.
But hang on to duty's apron-strings,
boldly and blindly. Get a good holt,
and have no fear. Let her lead you
over rough pathways, through dark
valleys, up the mountings, and through
the deep waters. Don't be afraid, but
hang on. The string won't break
with you, and the country she will
lead you into is one that can't be bet-
tered.

Her first husband was Josiah's only
brother. He died a few years after
they was married, and then she mar-
ried another man, David Doodle by
name, and a shiftless creetur by nater,
so I hear, but good-lookin'. How-
sumever, I don't know nothin' about
it, only by hearsay; for I never laid
eyes on none of the lot. Still she
came on to us for a hum. They lived
out to the Ohio. But she fairly wor-
ships that Doodle to this day, talks
about him day and night. I hain't
heard her say a dozen words about
Josiah's brother Timothy, though
they say he was a likely man, and a
good provider, and did well by her;
left a good farm, all paid for, and
Doodle run through it; and five cows
and two horses, and Doodle run
through them, and a colt.

But she don't seem to remember
that she ever had no such husband as
Timothy Allen, which I know makes
it more wearin' on Josiah, though he
don't complain. But he thought a
sight of Tim; they used to sleep to-
gether when they was children. And
heads, that lay on the same bosom,
can't get so far apart, but what mem-
ory will unite 'em. They get separ-
ated when they grew up. Josiah
stayed with his folks, and Tim went
to the Ohio, as I say, but still, when
Josiah's thoughts get to travelin', and
I never see such critters to be on the
go all the time as thoughts be, they
take him back to the old trundle-bed
and Tim.

She don't mention, as I was saying,
brother Timothy only when Josiah
asks her about him. But Doodle! I
can truly say, without lyin', that if
ever a human bein' got sick of any-
thing on earth, I got sick of Doodle.
Bein' shut up in the house with her, I
sense it more than Josiah does. It is
Doodle in the mornin', and Doodle at
noon, and Doodle at night, and Doo-
dle between meals, and if she talks in
her sleep, which she is quite a ease to,
it is about Doodle.

I don't complain to Josiah much,
because it would make his road the
harder. But I told Thomas Jefferson,
one day, she had just finished a story
about her and Doodle, that had took
her about the biggest part of the fore-
noon to tell, and I told Thomas Jeff-
erson, when she happened to go out
of the room a minute, says I,

"Thomas Jefferson, it does seem to
me as if Doodle will be the death of
me."

"Wall," says he, "if he should I
will write a handsome piece of poetry
on it." Says he, "Alf Tennyson and
Shakespeare have writ some pretty fair
pieces, but mine shall be."

"Heat the whole caldoodle,
And the burden of the hym shall be,
That mother died of Doodle."
Says I, in real severe tones, "You
needn't laugh, Thomas Jefferson. I'd
love to have you try it for one day,"
says I. "You and your father bein'
out doors all day, when you are in a
few minutes to your meals, her talk is
as good as a circus, somethin' like a
side-show to you, but you be shut up
with her all day, and then see how
you would feel toward the name of
Doodle."

But I try to do the best I can with
her, as I said, I don't know how
long she will live with us; but I
think, to tell the plain truth, that the
widdler would marry again, if she got
a chance. I can see symptoms of it.
But she says she wouldn't; says it
hain't no ways likely that she shall
ever marry agin. Talks a sight about
Doodle's face, calls it "his linament,"
says "it is printed on her heart, and it
hain't no ways likely she will ever see
another linament that will look so
good to her as Doodle's linament."

I declare, for't sometimes, to hear
her go on, I have to call on the mar-

tyrs, in my own mind, almost wildly,
to keep my principles firm, and keep
me from sayin' sumthin' I should be
sorry for.

Sometimes, when she is a goin' on
for hours, a talkin' about Doodle and
"his linament," and so fourth, I set
opposite to her, with my knitten'
work in my hand, with no trace on
the outside of the almost fearful tem-
pest a goin' on inside of me.

"Then I'll be a bindin' off my heel, or
scemin' two and one, or tootin' it off,
as the case may be, calm as a summer
mornin', on the outside, but on the in-
side I am a sayin' over to myself, in
silent but almost piercin' tones of ag-
ony, "John Rogers!—Smithfield!—
nine children!—one at the breast!—
Gridirons!—thumb-screws!—and so
forth, and so forth."

It has a dretful good effect on me.
I think over what these men endured
for principle, and I will say to myself,
"Josiah Allen's wife, has not your
heart almost burned within you, when
you have thought of these martyrs?
Have you not, in rapid moments,
had longins' of the soul to be a mar-
tyr also? Did you s'pose you could
be one without sufferin'? Did you
expect to be burnt up without smart-
in'?"

And I would say to myself, (in real
reasonable accents,) "lofty principles,
and sublime ideas, may buy up the
soul triumphant, but there can't any-
body be burnt up without its hurtin',
and fire was jest as hot in them days
as it is now, and no hotter. If David
Doodle is the stake on which you are
to be offered up, be calm, Samanthie—
be calm."

So I would be a talkin' to myself,
and so she would be a goin' on.

And though I suffered pangs, that
can't be expressed about, my princi-
ples grew more hefty from day to
day; I begun to look more lofty in
mine; and sometimes I have been
that buyed up by hard principle, and
jest to see to what hites a human
mind could get up on, while their
body was yet on the ground, I would
begin myself about Doodle.

And so speakin', in a martyr way,
the Widdler Doodle was not made in
vain.

She is a small woman, dretful soft-
ly-lookin', and truly her name don't
believe for; she seems to me that
soft, that if she should bump her
head, I don't see what is to hinder it
from flattin' right out like a putty
head.

I guess she was pretty good look-
in' in her day. On no other grounds
can I account for it that two men ever
took after her. Her eyes are round
as blue beads, and looks considerable
on the bead plan. She is light-com-
plexed, and her mouth is dretful
puckered up and drawn down. Jos-
iah can't bear her looks. He has
told me so in confidence a number of
times. But I told him I had seen
women that looked worse, and I have.

"Wall," says he, "I have seen them
that looked better, far better."

Says I, "Where, Josiah?"

Says he, "Father Smith's daughter,
my companion, Samanthie."

Josiah thinks a sight of me; it
seems to grow on him. And with
me it is ditto and the same.

When two souls set out in married life
a sailin' on the sea of True Love, they
must expect to steer their way
through rocks, and get tangled in the
sea-weed, the rocks of opposing wills,
and the sea-weeds of selfishness, and
before they get the hang of the boat,
it will go contrary. Squalls will rise,
and must upset it. They'll hist up
the wrong sails, and tighten the
wrong ropes, and act like fools gener-
ally, and will sometimes look back
with regret to the peaceful but lone-
some shore they have left, and wish
the hadn't never set out. But if
they'll be patient, and steer their boat
wise and straight, a calmer sea is
ahead, deeper waters of trust and calm
affection, on which the boat can sail
onwards first rate. They'll get past
the biggest left of the rocks, and get
the back of sailin' round the ones that
are left, so's not to hit 'em nigh so
hard, and the sea-weeds, unknown to
them, will kinder drizzle out, and dis-
appear mostly.

I don't have to correct Josiah near
so much as I used to. Though occa-
sionally, when I know I am in the
right, I set up my authority, and he

hisen. I never see that couple yet,
whether they're correct or not, but
what would have their little spats;
but good land, if they love each other,
they get right over it, and it is all fair
weather again. The little storms on-
ly clear the air, and the sun will shine
out again, just rate, and bright as a
dollar.

Sister Doodle, (Josiah told me he
gussed we had better call her so, some
of the times, as it would seem more
friendly.) She says, the widdler does,
that she never see a couple live togeth-
er more agreeable and happier than
me and Josiah lives together. She
says it reminds her dretfully of her
married life with Doodle.

Truly Doodle is her theme, but I
hold firm.

She was a sayin' to me, the other
mornin', after Josiah went out, to his
work, she was a helpin' me wash up
my dishes though I told her she needn't.
I don't lay out to put any work on
her. But I had a sight to do, that
mornin', and she offered to wash up
the dishes. But I told her she
shouldn't do that, but if she insisted, I
would wash and she might wipe; so
she did. And as quick as the dish-
water was poured out, she begun.
Josiah had cood a very little at me,
that mornin', not much; for he knows
I don't encourage him in it. But it
had made her think of Doodle.

"And," says she, "nobody knows
how much that man thought of me."

He would say, sometimes, in the
winter, when we would wake up in
the mornin', "My dear Dolly, I have
been a dreamin' about you." Have
you, Mr. Doodle, says I. "Yes," says
he. "I have been a dreamin' how
much I love you, and how pretty you
are, just as pretty as a pink-posy;"

then was Mr. Doodle's very words,
a "pink posy." Oh, shaw, Mr. Doo-
dle, I guess you are a tootin' me.
Says he, "I ain't, I drempt it." And
then he would smile so sweet, and he
would say, "Dolly, I love to dream
about you." Do you, Mr. Doodle,
says I. "Yes," says he, "and it seems
jest as if I want to go to sleep, and
have another nap, jest a purpose to
dream about you."

"And so I would get up, and get
the 'indlin' wood, and build the fire,
and feed the cows, and go round the
house a gettin' breakfast, jest as still
as a mouse, so's not to disturb him,
and he'd lay and sleep till I got the
coffee all turned out, and then he'd
get up and tell me his dream. It
would be all about how pretty I was,
and how much he loved me. And
he'd tell me how he would die for my
sake, any time, to keep the wind from
blowin' on to me. And he would eat
jest as hearty, and enjoy himself dret-
fully. Oh, we took a sight of comfort
together, me and Mr. Doodle did.
And I can't never forget him. I
can't never marry agin, his linement
is so stamped on my memory. No
other man's linement can ever be to
me what his linement was."

She stopped a minute to ask me
where she should set the dishes, and
truly, I was glad of the respite, though
I knew it would be only momentary.

And, indeed, I was right, for, on set-
tin' up the dishes, she happened to
see a little milk-pitcher, that belonged
to my first set of dishes. There was
a woman painted on to it, and that
set her to goin' agin. Truly, there
was nothin' on the face of the earth,
or the sky above, but what reminded
her, in some way, of Doodle. I have
known the risin' sun to set her to go-
in, and the fire-poker, and the dust-
pan. She held the pitcher pensively
in her hand a minute or two, and then
says she,

"That pictur looks as I did when I
married Mr. Doodle. I was dretful
pretty, he used to tell me. Too pretty
to have any hardship put on to me.

There was considerable talk about
wimmin's votin' about that time, and
he used to say that there wasn't
enough money in the world to tempt
him to let his Dolly vote. Anything
so wearin' as that, he should persect
her from as long as he had got a
breathleft in his body. He used to
get dretful excited about it; he
thought so much of me, he said votin'
would wear a woman right out, 'and
how should I feel,' he would say, 'to
see my Dolly vote out?'

"He couldn't use to bear to have
me go a visatin' either. He said talk-
in' with neighborin' wimmin' was
against nothin'.

wearin', too, and to have to get supper
after dark, he said he couldn't
bear to see me do it. He never was
no hand to pick up a supper, and I
always had to come home and get sup-
per by candle-light, meat vittals. He
always had to have jest what he want-
ed to eat, or it made him sick. He
was one of that kind, gave him the
palsy; he never had the palsy, but he
said that it was all that kept him from
it, having jest what he wanted to eat,
jest at the time he wanted it. And so
he would lay down on the lounge,
while I got supper ready, I'd have to
begin at the beginning, for he was
one of the men that wouldn't hang
over a tea-kettle, or get up my pota-
toes, or anything of that sort, and I'd
most always have to build the fire up,
for he thought it wasn't a man's place
to do such things. He was a dretful
hand to want everybody to keep their
place, that was why he felt so strong
about wimmin's votin'. He had a
deep, sound mind, my Doodle did.
But, as I said, he would lay on the
lounge, and worry so about it's bein'
too much for me, that rather than
make him feel so bad, I gin up visitin'
most entirely.

"But he never worried about that
so much as he did about votin'. The
thought of that almost killed him.
He said that, with my health, (I would-
n't stand it a year. He said I would
willt right down under it. Oh, how
much that man did think of me!"

"When I would be a workin' in the
garden, I took all the care of the gar-
den, or a pickin' up chips—we was
kinder bothered for wood that year—
he'd set out on the back piazza with
his paper; it was the Evening Grip-
pher, awful strong against wimmin's
rights. And as I would be a pickin'
up my chips, and bringin' 'em in, (I
used an old bushel basket,) he'd say
to me, 'Oh, them pretty hands, how
cunning they look! And oh, them
pretty little eyes! What should I do
if it wasn't for my Dolly? And how
should I feel,' says he, 'if them pretty
little eyes was a lookin' at the pole,'
says he. 'It would kill me, Dolly; it
would use me right up.'

"And, then, when I was a churnin',
we had a good deal of cream, and the
butter came awful hard, sometimes it
would take me most all day; and he
would be so good to me, to help me
pass away the time. He would set in
the rockin'-chair; I cushioned it a
purpose for him, and he'd set and
rock, and read the Evening Grip-
pher to me. Sometimes he would read
it clear through before the butter would
come. Beautiful arguments there
would be in it. I know the editor
was jest exactly such a man as my
Doodle. I used to wonder how enny
livin' woman could stand out against
them arguments, they proved right
out so strong, that votin' would be too
much for the weaker sect.

"We wasn't very well off in them
days, for Mr. Doodle was obliged to
morgage the farm I brought him when
we was married, and it was all we
could do to keep up the money on the
morgage, and father wouldn't help us
much. He said we must work for a
livin', jest as he did. And the farm
kinder run down, for Mr. Doodle said
he couldn't go out to work, and leave
me for a hull day, he worshipped me
so; so we let out the place on shares,
and I took in work a good deal.

"And while I was a workin' for
flour, or pork, or groceries, Mr. Doo-
dle would sit and look at me for hours
and hours, with a sweet smile on his
linament, and tell me how pretty I
was, and how much he thought of me,
and how he'd rather die, and be
skinned, have his hide took compleat-
ly off of him, before he'd let me vote,
or have any other hardship put on to
me."

"Oh, what a sight of comfort me
and Mr. Doodle did take! I never
can forget him, his linament is so
stamped on my memory. I can't never
forget him, never!"

And so she'd go on, from hour to
hour, about Mr. Doodle and wimmin's
rights. And inwardly callin' on the
name of John Rogers, I would let her
go on, and not call Mr. Doodle all to
naught, nor argue with her on wim-
min's havin' a right.

My mien was calm, I was nerved
almost completely up by duty and
principle. And then it is dretful
wrenchin' to the arm to hit hard blows
against nothin'.

Reported for this paper.
Green Mountain Association.

The Green Mountain Association of
Universalists met in annual convoca-
tion at Woodstock, Wednesday morn-
ing, June 14th, and continued in ses-
sion until Thursday afternoon. It
was a large, interesting and profitable
gathering. Brother A. L. Robinson
of Springfield, was chosen moderator,
and Rev. J. F. Simmons, of Spring-
field, clerk. The deliberation in coun-
cil were of an earnest and practical
character, looking toward the outward
growth of Universalism and the in-
ward growth of the religious life. The
public services of the Association were
as follows:—

Conference Tuesday evening, con-
ducted by Rev. Elmer Hewitt, assist-
ed by others.

Wednesday morning, sermon on
"The Kingdom of Heaven" by Rev.
George W. Guernsey of Rochester.
Sermon in the afternoon on "Salva-
tion" by Rev. J. F. Simmons of Springfield.
Essay or sermon on
"The State of the Church," by the
Rev. E. J. Chaffee of Chester. In
the evening, essay on "Sunday School
Work" by Mrs. E. C. Noble of Ches-
ter, followed by speaking by members
of the Woodstock Sunday School.
The singing for this service was very
finely executed by the Woodstock
Sunday School.

Thursday morning—At 8 o'clock
council met, at nine o'clock conference
meeting led by Dr. Ballou of South
Woodstock. "Occasional sermon" by
Rev. H. E. Whitney of Ludlow, at
half-past ten. At half-past one the
council assembled and finished the
business of the session. At half-past
two, sermon by Rev. W. H. Jewell of
Rochester.

The following resolutions were
unanimously adopted by the Associa-
tion:—

Presented by Rev. J. F. Simmons.
Resolved, That we most heartily thank
Rev. E. J. Chaffee of Chester, for his ad-
mirable essay on "The State of the
Church"; that we recognize the force of
its facts and its suggestions, that while
many things therein presented "prick us
to the heart" and more than suggest a
lack of faithfulness on our part, that oth-
ers give us great joy and create in our
hearts great courage and hopefulness for
the future.

Resolved, That we deeply feel the need
of missionary work, that the "broken
fragments" of our faith may be gathered
up, that the light of Universalism may
shine brightly in every place.

Resolved, That as an Association we
will try to do our duty in the future better
than we have in the past.

The following resolutions in honor
of Rev. Russell Streeter, were present-
ed by Rev. W. H. Jewell of Roches-
ter:—
Whereas, In the town of Woodstock,
where this, the Green Mountain Associa-
tion of Universalists, are now in session,
there resides our Rev. Father Russell
Streeter, who has reached the "sear and
golden leaf" of life, and whose age has
compelled him to relinquish the public
duties and works of life, but whose com-
mitment services to the deomination and to
mankind justify entitle him to our sincer-
est love and reverence, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of this As-
sociation tender him, our cordial sym-
pathy and loving reverence.

Resolved, That the remembrance of the
many years of his devotion to the Gospel
of Love, which lightens the burden of
labor and sacrifice upon each one of us,
shall ever be green in our hearts, and a
perfume in our lives; and our love shall
follow him until the Father crowns his
earthly labors with the ineffable love of
the eternal kingdom.

Resolved, That a committee of three be
designated to pres. at a copy of these resolu-
tions to Father Streeter.

Resolutions of thanks to the Wood-
stock parish for their hospitality, the
choir for their excellent singing, the
Woodstock and Central Vermont rail-
roads, for their kindness in granting
half-fare to the Association; to Mrs.
E. C. Noble, of Chester, for her elo-
quent and powerful essay on the Sun-
day School work.

The Association adjourned to meet
at Rochester, on the second Wednes-
day and Thursday of June 1877.

—The Philadelphia Times describes
a couple of remarkable women who
are connected with the Centennial Ex-
hibition. One of them is Miss Emma
Allison of Ontario, who has the entire
charge of the Baxter portable engine
of six-horse power. She is by no
means a soot-begrimmed and oil-cov-
ered Amazon, but on the contrary, of
neat and cleanly appearance and a
highly-educated and refined young la-
dy. Of the brunette type, medium
height, well formed, possessing a gen-
tle disposition and much vivacity and
good sense in conversation, she affords
no little attraction to visitors as she
dexterously manages her iron pet and
tells them all about it. Her dress is

neat, and she makes it a point to keep
both engine and room in the perfec-
tion of tidiness. She believes that if
so many male engineers did not find
such apparent delight in plastering
themselves all over with soot and
making their engine rooms perfect
specimens of disorder and filth, wo-
men would long ago looked with favor
upon the occupation. Another lady
whose natural ability has taken an en-
tirely different direction is Mrs. Max-
well of Colorado. She early acquired
a taste for hunting, and she roamed
the forests about her home, sometimes
in company with her husband, but
more often alone, and within the past
ten years has shot and killed over
four hundred wild animals, such as
bears, wolves, panthers, foxes, etc.
She learned the art of stuffing the ani-
mals thus brought down, and many
of the specimens now exhibited in
Eastern museums were killed and pre-
pared by this lady. She has, however,
saved about 200 of the finest speci-
mens, besides a large number of
stuffed birds, and these are exhibited
in the Colorado building. Her age is
about 35, but she looks almost ten
years younger. In manner she is very
modest and unassuming.

Too Old to be Taught by a Boy.

While a clerk in a Detroit hard-
ware store yesterday morning was
setting things to rights for the busi-
ness of the day, a citizen with grey
locks and self-satisfied look dropped
in, and kindly asked:

"Have you any four quart porous
kettles?"

"Porous kettles?" mused the
clerk. "I never heard of them."

"What do you call these?" demand-
ed the citizen as he nosed about and
held up a kettle.

"That's a porcelain kettle, sir," was
the reply; "that's what you want, is
it?"

"That's what I want if it is a por-
ous kettle," said the citizen.

"We call them porcelain," replied
the clerk.

"What right have you to call 'em
so? Why don't you call a dog a
cat?"

"But how can this iron be porous?"
humbly inquired the clerk.

"How can a young man be a fool?"
shouted the citizen. "It has come to
a pretty pass when a boy of your age
attempts to teach a man of my years
anything. Don't you suppose I know
the difference between porcelain and
porous?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, here's your 75 cents
for this porous kettle, and I'd like to
have it sent round to the house right
away."

The clerk had to submit. He says
that a rich man can do anything,
while a poor clerk is kept down.—
[Detroit Free Press.

Fruit Tree Trimming.

Of all the blunders, says the Gard-
ner's Monthly, that the common farm-
er and some others make with trees,
none is so common or so hurtful, and
which he is so long finding out, and
of which he might know so certainly,
as the practice of cutting off lower
limbs. All over the country nothing
is more common than to see mutilated
trees on almost every farm. Big
limbs cut off near the body of the
tree, and of course rotting to the
heart. This is a great sin against
nature. The very limbs necessary to
protect the tree from wind and sun,
and just where limbs are needed most,
are cut away. But the greatest in-
jury is the rotting that always takes
place when a big limb is sawed off—
too big to heal over, it must rot, and
being kept moist by the growing
tree, is in the right condition to rot,
and being on the body, the rotting
goes to the heart and hurts the whole
tree. It is common all over the coun-
try to see large orchards mutilated in
this way. We often see holes in the
trees where big limbs have been cut
away, where squirrels and even rac-
coons could crawl in. Perhaps the
only reason these trimmers would
give is that the lower limbs were easi-
est got at, and some would say they
wanted to raise a crop under the tree.

—What table is useful, though it
has no legs? The multiplication ta-
ble.

—Some musicians put on more airs
than they can play.